

Poisoned Mushrooms

By

Jason Leonard



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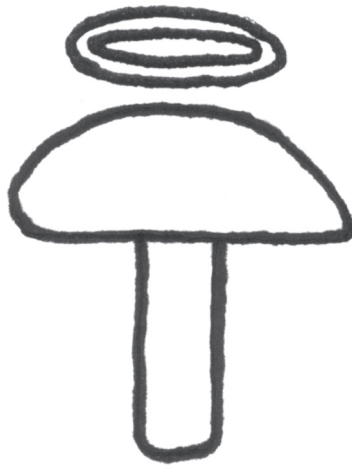
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Look...Shut up!
Say something intelligent and shut up.
Try not to speak and shut up.
Shut up...and look.

See how the people shut up.
See how their words are shut up.
See how my words are ...
See how The Word is shut up.

So, shut up and say something.
Shut up and see something.
Shut up and be something.
Shut up that which shuts things up.

Amen.

Jason Leonard

*There is a treasure, man cannot have,
Laid in a golden bowl
On a silver tray. A phylactery.
They call it The Copper Scroll.
They call it The Copper Scroll.*

*Iron destroys, immune to the fire.
All things, will bronze annul.
Brass takes a breath and steel causes death.
All found in The Copper Scroll.
All found in The Copper Scroll.*

*Sapphires labeled Lapis Lazuli.
Diamonds forever from coal.
An emerald row and rubies, soho.
The gems of The Copper Scroll.
The gems of The Copper Scroll.*

*Lay down your treasures, weapons, and crowns.
Take up, again, your soul.
The spirits of men. The bodies of tin.
Beware of The Copper Scroll.
Beware of The Copper Scroll.*

Poisoned Mushrooms

*It's more than a sword with magical properties.
The word of The Lord to dispatch all enemies
With powers to kill and to heal.
There's no other sword with that kind of feel.*

*The Invigorator...
The Weapon of Choice...
The Herald of Heaven...
The Holiest Voice...
The Way of Salvation...
The Word of The Lord...
And by His two-edged blade
All things are restored.*

Jason Leonard

*Hellions run heathens and heathens run mad.
Hellions serve Satan and Satan is bad.
Billions of hellions will not ever add
Up to a modern major General Dad.*

*General Dad. The human elite.
He prays on his knees and fights on his feet.
For truth and for justice. Forgive and forget.
For God. The Almighty who paid his debt.*

*Warrior of peace. A true paladin.
The paterfamilias tactician.
Master to no one and servant to all
Except to the things that walk when they should crawl.*

*Every time we find a new cure,
There's a new disease to endure.
New fields of study come along,
Making bodies healthy and strong.*

*Making wallets heavy and thick.
Making poor people like me sick.
There's a new disease to endure:
Lack of love for one another...*

*'Cause when you cure disease
Without asking fees,
You honor The Father
And His ten decrees.
Where faith will get you saved,
Rewards come from works you've braved.*

*Diagnosis: demon possessed.
Cure disease when sins are confessed.
Herbalism to soothe the burn.
Laying on Hands for the return.*

*Healing like you've never been healed.
Invigorator with a shield.
Cure disease when sins are confessed,
Not when someone pays to get blessed.*

Jason Leonard

*There is a man in anguish.
Sick with aching bones.
Gangrous pieces of his unclean flesh is all he owns.*

*No one would come near him.
None would look his way.
Until unexpectedly The Son of Man did lay...*

*His hands on the liquid flesh of the sick.
This laying on hands seemed to do the trick
And he was healed.
Faith in the Son of Man made it stick.*

*There is a world in anguish.
Sick with living dead.
Gangrous people unworthy, unloved, and unblessed.*

*No one would come near them.
None would look their way.
Until unexpectedly The Son of Man did lay...*

*His hands on the liquid flesh of the sick.
This laying on hands seemed to do the trick
And they were healed.
Faith in the Son of Man made it stick.*

*In a peregrination to the future
I was alive after death.
You only live twice.
For everyone needs practice
And now is the time for my star to shine.*

*Day is dirt and night is mud.
Neon signs hanging in every window.
The cloak and hat I wear illuminates in the darkness.
Animals are still the dominant species,
But serpents are more advanced than man.*

*High serpent Bael runs our country.
In his Levi jeans and Hemothwear t-shirt,
He rebuilds a tree
That taught man and woman to sail.
Sail to Uncharted Waters.*

*In existing, I play the part of a rebel.
I am both hated and loved
And will again die soon,
But before I do,
I'm going to be chopping some firewood.*

Jason Leonard

*All...I hear your voice.
You ask me to make my choice.
Father, Spirit, and Son.
Protector of protection.*

*Nothing, not even space
Would dare try to steal my grace.
Peace to material greed.
Nothing is just what I need.*

*Down here on The Earth
Deeds have earned their worth.
Man newer with care
As sewers of Heaven declare*

*All...I hear your voice.
You ask me to make my choice.
Father, Spirit, and Son.
Protector of protection.*

*In the beginning
God Created Earth
And The Earth was without form.*

*Darkness was upon
The face of the deep
And God said, "Let there be light."*

*Light divided from the darkness.
God had spoke and it was so.
In darkness, here there be dragons
And they shall be called Draco.*

*In the beginning
A great red dragon
Drew the third part of the stars.*

*Darkness warred with light
And prevailed not.
Stars cannot compete with sons.*

Jason Leonard

*A white mare.
The angel of light is a nightmare
Blinding the world with lies
Until the world dies.
It's rider.
A bowman, a king, and a spider
Weaving a web of deceit
To conquer and eat.*

*A red mare.
The angel of war is a nightmare
Burning the world with fire
Until the world dies.
It's rider.
A swordsman and human divider
Taking away all our peace
And leaving pieces.*

*A black mare.
The angel of plague is a nightmare
Rotting the world with flies
Until the world dies.
It's rider.
With scales that cast gloom on the brighter
Bringing the world to it's knees
So that no one sees...*

*A pale mare.
The angel of death is a nightmare
Watching the world with eyes
Until the world dies.
It's rider.
Followed by no other rider
Hades and Hell at it's heel
Beckoning souls to sheol.*



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Doomed! You're Doomed! This much has been assumed...

*You know that when you die, you're dead,
Sleeping in your buttered bread.
Father Time has kicked the can,
Hit by a moving van.*

*A great big mass of death.
It's sure to take your breath.
Anything and everything consumed.
Apocalypse now.
The Reaper's on the prow.
He's coming to remind you that You're Doomed!*

Doomed! You're Doomed! This much has been assumed...

*You'll never come back again.
Welcome to Oblivion!
You might forget from where you fell,
At least you'll rot in Hell.*

*A great big mass of death.
It's sure to take your breath.
Anything and everything consumed.
Apocalypse now.
The Reaper's on the prow.
He's coming to remind you that You're Doomed!*

Jason Leonard

*Sticks and stones
Were made for breaking bones.
I heard the screams and moans
Come from the nameless unknowns.*

*Blood and gore
And yet they still want more
As if they're begging for
It to be World War Four.*

*Hate! Hate! Hate!
That's all I see is hate.
It makes us desecrate
The things that others hold dear.*

*Kill! Kill! Kill!
And just to know it's real.
Even though I can't feel
I know that hate is caused by fear.*

*Wondering
What it's like to be king
And conquer everything
And find yourself still wanting.*

*How insane
To fight upon terrain
That's filled with flesh and brain
So that your soul might remain.*

*Battle on,
Until the break of dawn,
Until everything's gone,
Because it doesn't make sense.*

*I awake.
Covered in sweat, I shake
And pray my soul to take
From nightmares told in futures tense.*

Poisoned Mushrooms

*Sulphuric acid is pumped through the veins.
The veins of the city
Where there's no pity.*

*Monsters that writhe with convulsions
Cast judgement on men
Again and again.*

*This kind of blasphemy caused these things
To be where they are:
With the morning star.*

*Brimstone and fire that make up the spire
Of Dis.
No one to miss.*

Jason Leonard

*Eight-legged horrors descend from dimensions
Of post-mortem torment and vile transcensions.
The carnage restored!
The Dark Overlord
Demands that his presence shall not be ignored.*

*One thousand eyeballs, one million teeth.
I don't think I want to know what's beneath.
The black hole begins to unfold
For Hell on Earth has been foretold.
My heart has grown cold.
My heart has grown cold.*

*The time is upon us. Inferno awaits
As this world is pulled through primordial gates.
Eternal Terror.
Eternal Pain.
Eternally showered with hot, acid rain.*

*Once upon a time a great darkness filled the land.
Everybody claimed that they were damned, damned, damned.
Then one day, the sun arose and all the flowers bloomed.
Still, everyone claimed that they were doomed.*

*What a downer, this will never do.
Definitely doomer point of view.
Maybe if they spend a day in Hell
They will cherish each flower they smell.*

*Once upon a time a great evil filled the Earth.
Everyone believe that they were of no worth.
Then one day, The Son arose and proved that they were rich.
Still, everyone continued to bitch, bitch, bitch.*

*What a downer, this will never do.
Definitely doomer point of view.
Maybe if they spend a day in Hell
They will cherish each other, as well.*

Jason Leonard

*Mudmen arise
And try not to bleed
Just before the blood dries.
The Lord of the Flies*

*With gibbers and meeps,
From every orifice
Corruption seeps.
It gives me the creeps.*

*The Horror! The Horror! The festering one.
Fear for him or for her cannot be undone.
When fear becomes terror, then terror becomes
The Horror! The Horror! As sanity numbs.*

*Disturbing thoughts
Run through my brain as
The frontal lobe clots.
The body then rots,*

*Melting the skin
To reveal the secrets
That you hide within.
You're bleeding again.*

*Down in the back of the side of this room
Skulks a dark something.
Without a feature to be precise,
It's terrifying.*

*Wiggled masses combine and disperse and define
A word that mankind cannot even pronounceiate.
I call it phaet.*

*Up in the front of the heart of this space
Daunts a bright something.
Too many features to comprehend.
It's horrifying.*

*Slivered prisms refract and distort and distract
A word that mankind cannot even pronounceiate.
I call it phaet.*

Jason Leonard

*Falling down, falling down
Or are we falling up?
Never touching ground
And we never get to rhyme.*

*When I'm saying we
Do we really mean I'm?
Now, I must get beat
'Cause we're sounding alike.*

I'm not alive...

*Chaos is in we
And we can't get it out.
There no reason to
'Cause it always come back.*

*Falling up, falling up
Or are we falling down?
Now, I must get beat
'Cause it's just that time.*

I'm not alive...

*Time doesn't exist
Except when I get beat.
I don't understand
The darkness and the void.*

*I am not alive.
I'm in The Abyss.
Now, I must get beat
And it goes like this.*

I'm not alive...

Poisoned Mushrooms

*Incubation chambers filled with embryonic fluids.
Living fetuses contained within.
Medical associates withdraw their baseball bats.
With darkened eyes, they all proceed to sin.*

I am disturbed.

*Lustful naked woman calls me forth to kiss her mouth.
With eagerness, I come unto her bust.
In doing so, I am pushed back by some large unseen force.
With evil laugh, appears the succubus.*

I am disturbed.

*Giant stillborn infant hovering in the cellar.
Umbilical cord shoved down my throat.
Eye sockets glow black neon to paralyze my heart.
My gagging throat brings forth a bloody moat.*

I am disturbed.

*All of this within a dream.
Nothing's ever what it seems.
The Bogeyman in the shadows
And he knows.*

Jason Leonard

*Leave me to lie. Leave me to die.
Leave for you're inheritance.
I am gone. You have won.
It has always been your plans.*

*I call the dead. Their faces red
For you have caused them rage.
Eternity. My place to be.
The dawning of an age.*

*Rivers of rotting
Flesh ridden rivers
Of rotting flesh.
Who, when, where, why?*

*Monsters are drinking
Blood of the monsters
Are drinking blood.
Who, when, where, why,*

*Howl for a reason to live.
Howl for the moon to bring light.
Howl for the child you eat.
Howl when you realize that something's not right.*

*Dreamwalk the haunted
Woods who hate dreamwalk
The haunted woods.
Who, when, where, why?*

*Monsters are drinking
Blood of the monsters
Are drinking blood.
Who, when, where, why, how?*

Jason Leonard

*Old dead/orifices
Expel/coward feces
Into/outer regions
Never/to atone.*

*Putrid/and decrepit
Odors/each with faces.
Faces/each in torment.
Torment/all alone.*

*Dead forever. Never stir.
Won't you take me where they're not alone.*

*Nymphomaniacal enema-ridden octopi
Gazing into the future with a crystal hypnotic eye.
Orgasms at intervals of fated genocides
Cleansing rectal specimens of nitroglycerides.*

*Pyroheaded skeletons display their penance stare
To justify the evil men and fill them with despair.
Motorcycle maintenance and the art of Zen.
Guns that shoot the hellfires unto the next of kin.*

*Dedicated subgenii who only live for slack
Testify unto the world that Bob is coming back.
Patriopsychotic Anarchomaterialists.
Anti-Technoboredom mutant fundamentalists.*

*Behemoth and Leviathan coagulate the sun.
While anti-christian blasphemers ignite Armageddon.
Buddha, Isis, and Jehovah leave this plane of sin.
Designating chaos to be bred within our skin.*

Jason Leonard

*Manticore and Masticore;
Greater than a metaphor.
Does anyone want to fear more
Than Manticore and Masticore.*

*Well, too bad. You'll have to wait.
Wait until these monsters mate.
They are chained to guard the gate,
But not what they procreate.*

*Isamanterroquasinocticore!
May Cerberus be shamed.
Now The Devil knows his time is short
'Cause Death has been named.*

*When the birthing rites took place
It was born without a face;
It was born without a trace;
It was born without a trace.*

*Eye of tooth and tooth of nails.
Arachnidic legs and tails.
Catalyst of all that ails.
Anyone who sees it pales.*

*Isamanterroquasinocticore!
May Cerberus be shamed.
Now The Devil knows his time is short
'Cause Death has been named.*

*All are dead. It's now alone.
Blood drips from it's mane of bone.
Do you fear more than you've known?
Do you now plead to atone.*

*That's the power of The Lord.
You will walk of His accord.
If you don't, then death by sword
Or be quasinosticored.*

*Please, be my succubus.
Fulfill my longing lust.
I'm sick of all the dust.
I'm starting to rust.*

*Darkness absorbs the light.
My unquenched appetite
Begs for another bite.
It fills me with fright.*

*Wish I could see you. Give me my due.
Let me know pleasures that I never knew.
Moist, fleshy insides engulfing prides.
Feeling the mouths on your legs bite my sides.*

*Erotic demon child
Driving my hormones wild.
I feel your evil smile.
You've got me beguiled.*

*Take me within your thigh.
Vacuum my life force dry.
I kiss my soul goodbye
And softly, I die.*

*Wish I could see you. Give me my due.
Let me know pleasures that I never knew.
Moist, fleshy insides engulfing prides.
Feeling the mouths on your legs bite my sides.*

*I now know where you dwell:
Second layer of Hell.
Because that's where I feel
And I know your smell.*

*Mentor me in your way.
Show me how demons play.
The sensual art of prey.
I'll do as I may.*

Jason Leonard

*Now that I see you, I know what's true.
Doing what I've always wanted to do.
Enter the insides. Piercing the prides.
Tasting the legs with the mouths on my sides.*

*Deep beneath The Earth.
Deeper than you thought.
Not as deep as Hell
And not quite as hot.*

*Yugoloths abound
At the fallen drowned
Taking coins from eyes and mouths
In payment for the ground.*

*Not a speck of dirt
Far as eye can see.
Everyone will drown
Eventually.*

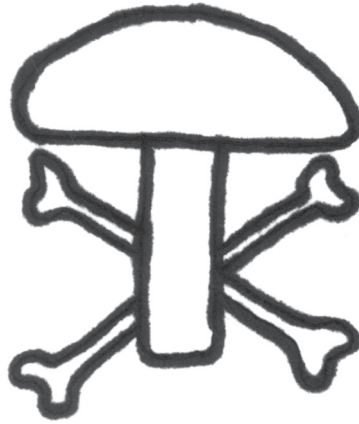
*Yugoloths abound
At the fallen drowned
Taking coins from eyes and mouths
In payment for the ground.*

*Hope you have your coins
For the ferrymen,
Because if you don't
You'll become as them.*

*Yugoloths abound
At the fallen drowned
Taking coins from eyes and mouths
In payment for the ground.*

*As a ferryman
You will earn your ride
Ferrying the dead
On your backside.*

*Yugoloths abound
At the fallen drowned
Taking coins from eyes and mouths
In payment for the ground.*



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*In the future, from the past
Stood a band of rebel ghaſt
Remembering how they were ſlaves
Before they were laid in graves.*

*Back in life they all believed
What no one elſe could conceive.
That we're victims of prejudice
From what we thought was juſtice.*

*Since the H-bomb came and gone,
Rebel ghaſt roſe from the lawn.
Dead bodies everywhere!
Come and you can take your ſhare.*

*Vengeance, always beſt ſerved cold.
No more doing what you're told.
Punk has come back from the crypt.
Standing tall and getting ripped.*

Jason Leonard

Look at the bones...

*Miles of aisles of piles and piles.
Dire the spire. The dire, the dryer.
They rattle together. Their breath is the weather
With flesh and with spirit returned from the nether.*

*If you would only read The Word.
Believe and rise up with the horde,
Then you will know I am The Lord.*

Look at the bones...

*High upon a throne made of bone sat The One.
Under His thunder stood dead ones in wonder.
A judgement was made and the unsaved were unmade.
In miles of aisles of piles they laid.*

Spineless coward!.....
.....Run away!
You're a dead man.....
.....You will pay!
Pay for every.....
.....Spine you lack!
Pay for always.....
.....Holding back!
Never have you.....
....Stood up straight.
You have never.....
Had this.....trait.
One less boneless.....
.....I will make...
...I...mean...unmake...
...Shake...and...quake!
It is useless,
Parasite.
You make me the
One I fight.

Jason Leonard

*If I could think, If I could talk,
I'd tell you that you talk too much.
You think too much. Don't eat enough.
You cook up things you shouldn't eat.*

*You smile and dance and walk intact.
You even rhyme sometimes and sing.
You're so alive and living, too.
You! The real "thing."*

*The warmth, the love, the privileges.
The work for pay, my jealousy.
Brand new clothes and brand new homes.
My hate you shall endure.*

*For all my flaws and hungry cares,
I let you live. For poetry.
The poetry of irony;
To eat your spawn and make you see
That this is but a prophecy
Of when you become me.*

Poisoned Mushrooms

*Raw red meat eats raw red meat.
He who cooks it shall be beat.
Beat him raw 'til him beet red.
Food for all whom eat raw dead.*

*Scratch at tomb and scratch at ground.
If it scratch back, start to pound.
Pound yourself a tasty treat.
Raw red meat eats raw red meat.*

Jason Leonard

*Living and kicking or dead as a doornail.
Skin in the flesh to be the entrail.
You are now the food!
The body is bread and bread will be chewed.*

*Fed to the zombies when you are alive.
Fed to the ghouls when you can't revive.
You are now the food!
Nowhere to hide. Everyone screwed.*

*Fed to a legend of carnage and feast.
A hulking behemoth, this ravenous beast.
It feeds just to vomit and vomits to feed.
Call it the Ghast. The reason you bleed.
Now bleed!*

*Nerves never neglect the night
When eyeballs perceive the sight
Of undead possessing flight.
Never in the night.*

*It is said they have no face.
It is said they make no sound.
Yet, every time it is said
A new one comes around to*

*Swallow your soul. Swallow your soul
And without a mouth, swallow it whole.
Klaatu Verata Nightgaunt.
The faceless will swallow your soul.*

*Ghouls go west to get gaunt.
Ghast go eat.
Nightgaunt go to where they want
To get what they want.*

*Talons wanting to clutch prey,
Wings wanting to fly away,
As barbed tails tickle a
Person to death.*

Jason Leonard

*Vaginal veins vortex visuals.
Angry animal arms attack.
Mounted maiden moans morbidly.
Pulmonary pumping promiscuous pants.
Implanting intense irrevocable ichor.
Rendering rusty red rejuvenation.
Ending existence every evening.*

*I've got a great idea.
Why don't we try to be a
Couple of wandering eyes.*

*Without a face we'll hover,
Hoping we might discover
Answers to visual lies.*

*Optic fibrosis.
Threads of delusion that mock my psychosis.
It's causing neurosis.*

*Chimes of the matrix ringing.
Wiry bubble stinging,
Leaving the mark of the beast.*

*Leave and return tomorrow.
Cry holy tears of sorrow,
Cleansing the eyes of the priest.*

Jason Leonard

*Lying here in peace is
Tearing me to pieces.
My boredom increases
Lying here in wait.*

*When you become aether
I will be your breather.
You will not know either
'Til it is too late.*

*Liche or lich, I'm still a bitch.
Pronounce it how you want.
You're the only one I want to haunt.*

*I am neetropotence
From a realm of nonsense.
Because of osmosis,
You, I now control.*

*Guided by a tragic
Evil, undead magic.
It might be ecstatic
If I had a soul.*

“And I saw the dead,
small and great, standing
before God, and books
were opened. And another
book was opened, which is
the Book of life. And the
dead were judged accord-
ing to their works, by the
things which were written
in the books.”

-REV. 20:12

Jason Leonard

*Graveyard shift.
Spirits sift.
Underground.
Make no SOUND!*

*Take up your burdens, lay them on the scale.
You will be judged and if you prevail
There is a man who will take you above.
Up to a place filled with goodness and love.*

*Graveyard shift.
Spirits sift.
Underground.
Make no SOUND!*

*Take up your burdens, lay them on the scale.
You will be judged and if you should fail
There is a man who will take you below.
Down to a place filled with evil and woe.*

*Graveyard shift.
Spirits sift.
Underground.
Make no SOUND!*

*I throw sheets o'er my head
For I am a ghost.
I hide in the closet
Each time you boast.*

*I touch not the ground.
I do not fly.
I am just there.
I've no need to try.*

*You say that I'm scary.
You don't understand.
At least you are living
And touching your land.*

*I live in a realm
Where no other knows.
I follow the waves
and where the wind blows.*

*I live in a shadow
Inside a great tomb.
I've nothing to eat,
But there's plenty of room.*

*The lights are now friendly
When once they were mean.
The gates have flung open.
It is now Halloween.*

*For the next thirteen hours
Freedom is mine.
I haunt and I taunt,
Quiver and whine.*

Jason Leonard

*Time flies so fast.
The fun is now dead.
All Hallows is come
and I'm off to bed.*

*For the rest of the year
I'm bored and discreet,
But I look forward to
The next time we meet.*

*So, live while you can
And do what you must,
For after it's over
There's nothing but dust.*

*Substance forms with lack of light.
Light expels the void.
Void resurfaced where light stood.
Stood to move again
Again, the absence moves around.
Around, the light will track.
Track the here and track the there.
There the track returns.
Returns, the void absence returns.
Returns, the void absence.
Absence of the light is dark.
Dark is light's absence.
Absence of the light is dark.
Dark is light's absence...*

Jason Leonard

*Hate who you love.
Love who you hate.
Hate you to death.
Love hate to death.
Hate death to love.
Love death to hate.
Hate love to death.
Death...*

*Of or belonging to me or myself.
Lacking finish, smoothness, or uniformity.
A name by which an individual female is known.
Small model of a human figure.
Sought to hurt or defeat.
Pronoun objective case of I.
At the or any time that.
Pronoun used by a speaker or writer to refer to him or herself.
Singular past tense of be.
One single.
Very young child or infant.*

My Raggedy Ann doll attacked me when I was a baby.

Jason Leonard

*You want to replace me with somebody else.
You say that I'm ugly, you say that I'm cold.
The latter is correct, but it's not my fault.
A curse of a secret ten thousand years old.*

*Rewrap the bandage on every appendage.
Weeping... from loving in vain.
Sadness, then madness, then angry despair.
I'm weeping... I am The Lovebane.
I once was a pharaoh. Now my sight is narrow.
Weeping... yet, I feel no pain.
Conclusion: confusion. I don't even care.
No weeping... for I am The Lovebane.*

*This magical jar which I hold in my hand,
I want to destroy it and do so in haste.
Alas, I cannot. For it is my heart.
Instead, I'll destroy yours for it was a waste.*

*Rewrap the bandage on every appendage.
Weeping... from loving in vain.
Sadness, then madness, then angry despair.
I'm weeping... I am The Lovebane.
I once was a pharaoh. Now my sight is narrow.
Weeping... yet, I feel no pain.
Conclusion: confusion. I don't even care.
No weeping... for I am The Lovebane.*

*To have such a burden as to renounce love,
Your blood will run green and your eyes will go black.
It's even too much for a god to sustain.
I wish I could reclaim this thing that I lack.*

Deceased,
I feel that I'm at peace
Until I hear the call
Or maybe just a sound that disturbs
When dark shadows revert.
Denying what I saw

As death lies...
As death lies dreaming.

I'm glad I'm not alive
For nothing could survive
What lies within the hive
Of rotting corpses.

This tomb
In which a bride and groom
Murder each other
As they pray for chaos. Heeding the call,
I cause others to fall.
This nightmare comes to life

As death lies...
As death lies dreaming.



FRON

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*Butterfly me to a place where I can rest in peace.
Separate me from the past. These memories have to cease.
Constitute a state of mind where conscience is our guide.
Standing tall and looking out for those on the outside.*

*Sitting here I watch the world distastefully go by.
All the plans that I have made are worthless and have died.
Meditating on the ways that I can make a buck.
Suddenly, I stand and say unto the world you suck!*

*Drinking coffee, eating pie, and smoking cigarettes
Are just about the only love I've caught within my nets.
Don't you think the time has come to take back what is ours?
Hopes and dreams and happiness and reaching for the stars.*

*Suffering from whiplash. They've got me on a chain.
Thinking they can hold me back and feed shit to my brain.
Now, that I've got pliers I won't take this anymore.
I'm shutting down the system that has used me like a whore.*

You've used me like a whore!

Jason Leonard

*Major minor P.H.D. from Robot U.
Is our special speaker to robot you.
Sickened are we by the age of robots, ew...
Robots, ew...
Ro-bots-ew.*

*I am a robot whore for rent.
I love America. I love the government.*

*Robot University of Robotics
Boring you and boring you with robot ticks.
Sickened are we by the age of robots, ich...
Robots, ich...
Ro-bots-ich.*

*Nine-forty. An airplane kisses thee.
Five minus one wings stand.
Repentagone. Your lives laid on the lawn.
Unmade and unmanned.*

Five, four, three, two, one, the end.

*When God speaks, attention always peaks.
Five minus two wings stand.
Repentagone. Your knights have all been pawned.
The flames have been fanned.*

Five, four, three, two, one, the end.

*The Terrorists become Horrorists.
Five minus three wings stand.
Repentagone. Haven't you seen Iron?
The M.C.P. is damned.*

Five, four, three, two, one, the end.

*How proud you are. Just like a falling star.
Five minus four wings stand.
Repentagone. It's now one on one
And it doesn't look grand.*

Five, four, three, two, one, the end.

*America... The Fatwah.
Five minus five wings stand.
Repentagone. We've reached a new dawn.
Eight, seven, six, and...*

Five, four, three, two, one, the end.

Jason Leonard

*Rock and roll is just a game for archers who could never aim.
So, they broke their bows and they beat on the ground.
Angry pounding all around summoned something from the ground:
A personified form of the angry sound.*

*In every octave. In every speed.
In every volume level was decreed
The word of The Octorock:
Die!*

*People used to say a lot that heavy metal is just what
The Devil would use to make kids kill themselves.
Well, I guess we all showed them as we get ripped limb from limb
By monsters of rock we thought were archer elves.*

Poisoned Mushrooms

*Don't you know you cannot keep the things out?
Aren't you afraid that you might die?
Silhouettes retain nocturnal essence.
Unfamiliar figures haunt the sky.*

Jason Leonard

*Do not disturb the tomb.
It only wants your life.
Yes, it's an it.
It ends it, No...!*

*Another victim had.
Another haunted tomb.
Now, it's an it.
It ends it, No...!*

*Nothing can stop
When bones go pop,
When souls are snapped,
And blood is lapped
By dogs...
Cursed Crispies by Kelloggs.*

Poisoned Mushrooms

*Sometimes I pretend that I am The Crow
Dwelling in worlds of darkness and woe.
I never drink wine. At least not with Brujah.
I'm just a bloodsucker. Hoorah!*

*Skills are required to render a kronos
Who look like my dog. He's so cute with his brown nose.
My boyfriend's been staked as his rectum's betrayed
In Vampire, The Masquerade.*

Jason Leonard

*Hey, flower child hippy.
Yo' daddy's callin' you.
Yo' daddy-o says, "stop and go."
So, whatcha gonna do?*

*Ya gonna feel the rhythm?
Ya gonna share the love
Or are ya gonna sit and wear
The mask that's just a glove?*

*Hey, snot-nosed punky brewster.
Yo' daddy's callin' you.
Yo' daddy-o says, "face yo' foe."
So, whatcha gonna do?*

*Ya gonna beat the system?
Ya gonna fight the man
Or are ya gonna sit and watch
Yo' freedoms get the ban?*

*Hey, industrial gothics.
Yo' daddy's callin' you.
Yo' daddy-o says, "status quo."
So, whatcha gonna do?*

*Ya gonna take the night back?
Ya gonna rest in peace
Or are ya gonna sit and wait
For everything to cease.*

*Hey, everybody out there.
Yo' daddy's callin' you.
Yo' daddy-o says, "Idaho,
Boise, it's nothin' new.*

*You don't even know me
And I'm yo' Daddy-o.
Before ya do, ya should know you.
Ta be beat is ta know."*

*Mommy Tang loves Daddy Long-Legs
'Til it hurts and Daddy long begs
For the pain to stop
But Mommy really loves him.*

*Uncle Death is coming over.
Uncle Death is Daddy's brother.
Not by blood but just because
He begged him to be.*

*I'm trying to lift up his dregs
'Cause Daddy long begs.*

*Eight long legs Daddy's long pegs
Equal not so Daddy long begs
Minus one reality.
It gives him a boost*

*Until Grandpa God returns.
Grandpa God is Daddy's yearns.
Begging for the legging
Never to beg again.*

Jason Leonard

*Happy times are here again
Even though we'll never win.
Sing aloud and dance a lot.
Don't ya know that's all we've got.*

Let's go!

*Bet ya think you're havin' fun.
Don't quit now 'cause we're not done.
There's aggression in the air.
Vent the anger if you dare.*

Let's go!

*I think that it's time for a stand.
Don't leave all the work for the band.
I thought that you liked punk rock and
I thought that you liked punk rock and*

Let's go!

*Know well that this is your stage.
Take it over, full on rage.
Take the building. Bomb the town.
Burn the whole world to the ground.*

Let's go!

*I think that it's time for a stand.
Don't leave all the work for the band.
I thought that you liked punk rock and
I thought that you liked punk rock and*

Let's go!

Everybody laughed at me
When I cried conspiracy
Until
The day the earth stood still.

No need to apologize.
I'm sorry you've realized
Too late.
You've sealed your own fate.

Have yourself a beer
As the end draws near.
The time is now
And the place is here.

Sit back and enjoy the ride.
Experience megacide.
It's great
When science gets irate.

This will soon be hollowed grounds.
Hallowed out by nuclear rounds.
Kaboom!
A living neon mushroom.

Jason Leonard

*Just tell me how you wanna die.
Won't you please give me an alibi?
I've got writers block inside of me
Until you said, "The night was sultry."*

*How did I become first person
When I simply was third person?
I think I'll just throw mama from the train.*

*Owen always followed me around
Until one day when he left town.
He thought I would take his mother's life
If he put an end to that slut I call my ex-wife.*

*How did I become first person
When I simply was third person?
People stealing what I write
When I can't describe the night.
I don't want to cause her pain,
But that bitch drives me insane
Cracking my nuts with her cane.
I think I'll just throw mama from the train.*

Poisoned Mushrooms

*I am nimble. I am quick. I am spring-heeled. Tick, tick, tick.
Tock, tock, tock. On beanstalks. Pulling plums. In the box.
Diamonds, hearts, clubs, and spades. 'Ole one-eye. Of all trades.
I must rise dressed to kill. I must fall just like Jill.*

Jason Leonard

*Young and breathing, a handsome boy stands
Carefully holding a knife in right hand.
Cautious not to cut his own skin.
He learned how to handle from pictures of men.*

*Around the rooms corner, his father walked in.
He could not believe what's up with his kin.
Pulling knife from young hands, eyes filled with rage.
"You do not play with sharp knives at your age!"*

*Now go to your room and I'll deal with you later."
Dad sets the knife down by the refrigerator.
Boy stomped to his room, thinking Dad was wrong.
"I know how to handle knives, I knew all along."*

*Boy grew up to be a bright and good man,
Married a wife, and had a son: Dan.
Dan ate, then he played, pottied, and slept.
Was never mistreated and safely was kept.*

*Then one rainy day, with knives Dan did play.
He cut his leg open, then cried as he lay.
New dad comes in room. Yells, "Oh, No. Not a knife!"
Just then he recalls the youth of his life.*

*He puts on a bandage. It's not serious.
Thus sits his self down and feels delirious.
Realizing now what his old man had done.
With love in his actions, he cared for his son.*

Yog-Sothoth.
Acid froth.
Iridescent globes of death.
Key and gate.
Transportate.
Come and take your one last breath.

All in one.

Daoloth.
Metal moth.
Insensivible, yet whole.
Fluctuate.
Now, too late.
Engulfing your very soul.

Render of veils.

Azathoth.
Unknown Kadath.
Ruler of the outer gods.
Blasphemous.
Chaotic pus.
Madly thrusting pseudopods.

Thine outer gods.

Jason Leonard

*I, now eat country boys for breakfast
'Cause beans and corn just make me wanna shit.
I'm gonna have a ho-down on your face
'Cause a country boy can't survive no slam dance pit.*

My achy-breaky heart has turn to stone.

'Tis strange, 'tis it not
That blood would start to clot
And make the mouth rot.
What's in your mouth?

A secret for sure
To make the visions blur.
Chewed eyeballs don't allure.
What's in your mouth?

I never thought the temperature was nicer,
But I don't think I'll ever think again.
Lookin' at the nicest set of molars,
Yet something tells me I'm not lookin' in.

'Tis not you who dine.
Your mouth was really mine.
Did you hear through the vine
What's in my mouth?

I'll give you a clue.
It's you. It's you. It's you.
I put you in a stew
Then in my mouth.

Jason Leonard

*There was a man, or was it a woman.
It wouldn't matter in this life.
Parent had a son, it could have been a daughter.
Do you suppose that would matter?
Parent was watching teletube.
Child came in and started talking.
Talking about anything.
What it was doing.
What was going on around.
Parent turned up the volume, couldn't hear over the talking.
Child wasn't hearing what was said.
So, talked louder.
Parent turned up the volume.
Child spoke up.
Louder the T.V.
Louder the child.
Blaring.
Yelling.
Volume.
Screaming.
Neighbors yelled about the noise.
Telephone rang.
Sirens Came 'round.
Knocking on door.
Child still talking at top volume.
Parent pressing volume up feverishly on the remote.
Finally, parent got a headache.
So, turned the television off and the child shut up.*

*Off the map and over the edge.
Far out to sea.
Fires of Hell and bottomless pits.
Where can ye be?*

*Here, there be dragons and dragons are real.
The world is flat and made out of steel.*

*The center of the universe is
Right where ye stand.
If anything invalidates this
It must be banned.*

*Here, there be dragons and dragons are real.
The world is flat and made out of steel.*

*Why do ye marvel at
Things that are true?
Truth is the fact of some
One's point of view.*

Jason Leonard

*Man culling the weak.
An exploit of power by routing the meek.
Man culling the strong.
Persisted in sacrifice all day long.*

*A quest to overthrow God
Without concerns for the price.*

*It's bright outside. it's dark inside my mind.
The daybed, a nightmare land unkind.
Waking up to go places down low.
Silent russelling, the winds will blow.*

*The aftermath, before the dawn of time,
Lowering the heights which I could climb.
Stairs replace the elevated oars.
Silent russelling, with loudness, Roars!*

Jason Leonard

*You ain't livin' life like me.
No responsibility.
I have earned the title of
Unemployee of the month.*

*Out of paychecks. Out of work.
People must think I'm a jerk.
Well, who cares. I live for free
Thanks to the economy.*

I'm the unemployee of the month.

*My couch gives me strength and pride
Sleeping on it's naga Hyde.
Beg for change and cigarettes
From guys inside red corvettes.*

*The time has come to pay the rent
And here I am without a cent.
There's only one thing to do:
Sell my blood and semen, too.*

I'm the unemployee of the month.

*Firewater pumping, pulsing
Through an elsewise empty vein;
Channeled to and from a darkstone
In a to and from domain.*

*I don't mind
As long as there's time
To rewind
And re-record the chime.*

*Prophecy is not for me.
Light is needed to bring sight.
Pondering whereto my presence.
Calculating what is right.*

*I don't mind
As long as there's time
To rewind
And re-record the chime.*

*I don't think there's any meaning
In the words I've written here.
Hope you still think decent of me
Even though my songs are queer.*

Jason Leonard

*Social pressure taints our wildest dreams.
Incivility is not what it seems.
Happiness is bliss. Morals divine.
Fuck that shit. This world is mine.
I choke the teachers only to learn.
Emptiness is something that I have earned.
Confusing, as life, it may seem.
It's just coffee without the cream.
Bitter, bland, and oh so hot.
I'm afraid that it is all we've got.
When hate corrupts to espresso,
Love sweetens things to cappuccino.
Vanilla, mocha, or irish cream.
Sweeter things come through a dream.
Wandering on the sugar seas.
Caffeine brings my pain to ease.
Sailing on a chocolate ship.
Marshmallows within my grip.
Whipped cream topping fills the skies.
They're a la mode, to my surprise.
I come across some frothy isles.
Crumpet beaches stretch for miles.
The Sanka Seas and Hill's Bros. Hills.
The pressured winds begin their chills.
The Folger's field and Maxwell House.
My body's grains begin to blouse.
I look inside the house of Max
Finding a place foreto relax.
My energy has all but spent.
Mere fantasy has all but went,
Except before I say goodbye
Can I please have a piece of pie?*

About the Author

Neither a man or a woman, yet remarkably both at the same time, at least in spirit. No, he's not a transsexual. Jason Leonard is an enigma to himself as well as others. Much like everyone else, he sorts through a world of confusion only to find that he is confused, but he stubbornly put his faith in God no matter how troubled his brow is. He works third shift at a Super 8 motel and compares the end of each night at work to the second coming of Jesus Christ as the day dispels the darkness and he may go home to rest. Praise the Lord!

